

WINIFRIDA:

A SONG.

TRANSLATED FROM THE WELCH,

BY DR. PERCY.

II.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

III.

BEAUTY *and* VIRTUE UNITED.

IV.

THE WISH.



GLASGOW:

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WINIFRIDA:

A SONG.

I.

AWAY ! let nought to Love displeasing,
My Winifrida, move your care,
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
No squeamish Pride, nor gloomy Fear.

II.

Whzt, tho' no grants of Royal Donors,
With pompous titles grace our blood ;
We'll shaine in more substantial honours,
And to be *Noble*, we'll be *Good*.

III.

Our name, while Virtue thus we tender,
Will sweetly sound, where'er 'tis spoke ;
And all the *great ones* much shall wonder,
How they respect such *little folk*.

IV.

What, tho' from Fortune's lavish bounty,
No mighty treasures we posseſs ;
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without excess.

V.

Still, shall each kind returning season,
Sufficient for our wishes give ;
For we will live *a life of reason*,
And that's the *only* life to live.

VI.

Thro' youth and age, in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread ;
Sweet-smiling Peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

VII.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they fondly clung !
To see them look their mother's features,
And hear them lispe their mother's tongue !

VIII.

And when, with envy, Time transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys ;
You'll in your *Girls* again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my *Boys*.



THE POWER OF LOVE.

I.

SWEET are the charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the damask rose;
Soft as the down of turtle-dove,
Gentle as winds when zephyr blows ;
Refreshing as descending rains,
On sun-burnt climes, and thirsty plains.

II.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun ;
Constant as gliding waters roll,
Whose swelling tides obey the moon :
From ev'ry other charmer free,
My life and love shall follow thee.

III.

The lamb the flow'ry thyme devours,
The dam the tender kid pursues ;
Sweet Philomel, in shady bow'rs,
With verdant spring her notes renews :
All follow what they most admire,
As I pursue my soul's desire.

IV.

Nature must change her beauteous face,
 And vary as the seasons rise ;
 As Winter to the Spring gives place,
 Summer th' approach of Autumn flies ;
 No change on Love the seasons bring,
 Love only knows perpetual Spring.

V.

Devouring Time, with stealing pace,
 Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow ;
 And marble tow'rs and gates of brafs,
 In his rude march he levels low :
 But Time, destroying far and wide,
 Love from the Soul can ne'er divide.

VI.

^{too}
 Death only, with his cruel dart,
 The gentle godhead can remove ;
 And drive him from the bleeding heart,
 To mingle with the blest above ;
 Where, known to all his kindred train,
 He finds a lasting rest from pain.

VII.

Love, and his sister fair, the Soul,
 Twin-born, from Heav'n, together came :
 Love will the universe controul,
 When dying seasons lose their name :
 Divine abodes shall own his pow'r,
 When time and Death shall be no more.

BEAUTY AND VIRTUE UNITED;

A S O N G.

I.

WHEN *Innocence* and *Beauty* meet,
To add to lovely female grace,
How far, beyond expressing sweet,
Is ev'ry feature of the face?

II.

When *Peace* and *Wisdom* hold their sway,
And *Virtue* fills the glowing breast,
Each winning charm, serenely gay,
Is in th' angelic form confess'd.

III.

O sacred *Virtue*! tune my voice
With heart-inspiring harmony;
Then shall thy *calm*, yet *rapt'rous* joys!
Expand my soul with love of *thee*.

IV.

Thus, mine shall be true bliss resin'd,
When this vain shadow flies away;
Th' eternal beauties of the mind,
Shall last when all things else decay.

THE WISH.

FED:

GIVE me, kind Heav'n, the middle state,
Not meanly poor, not proudly great !
I ask no wealth, no pow'r I crave ;
Let me not have, nor be a slave :
O'er no man let me covet rule ;
Let no man e'er make me his tool.

The duty I to others owe,
Teach thou my rebel heart to know,
Yet let me never anxious be,
For duty others owe to me :
But think, ere I too much expect,
The higher duties I neglect.

Bless me with health, to earn my food,
With wisdom, to discern what's good.
Less let me others' errors mind,
Than those within myself I find ;
Averse to make their foibles known,
As careful to conceal my own :
And, lest I do another wrong,
Restrain the licence of my tongue !

The ills, as mortal, I must share,
Make me, without repining, bear :
Convinc'd, the sinful cause is mine,
The merciful chastisement thine.

On ev'ry fellow-mortal's wo,
 Let me a ready tear bestow ;
 Nor be so much of need afraid,
 As to with-hold my little aid,
 When weeping Want, with trembling hand,
 Makes, in thy name, its meek demand.

When Innocence gives laughter birth,
 Let me not check the harmless mirth ;
 But bles the voice, that kindly cries—
 ‘ Be merry, mortals, and be wise.’

O gracious Heav'n, these blessings give !
 I care not *where*, but *how*, I live !



VERSES ON YOUTH :

A JUVENILE PRODUCTION.

“ *Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.* ”
 Eccles.

THE pliant soul of erring youth
 Is like soft wax, or moisten'd clay,
 Apt to receive all *Heav'ny Truth*,
 Or yield to *tyrant Ill*, the sway.

II.

Shun evil in your early years,
 So manhood shall to virtue rise :
 He who, in youth, a fool appears,
 In age, will ne'er be counted wise.

F I N I S.

hand,

ON.

youth."

Ecclef.